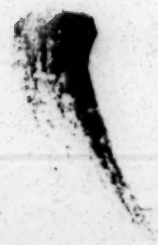


THE

VILLAGE RAMBLER,

385

VILLAGE RAMBLER



R. Gainsborough *3 H. h*

THE
VILLAGE RAMBLER.

A
TOPOGRAPHICAL

992. h. 22
5

AND
SENTIMENTAL EXCURSION,

DESCRIPTIVE OF
THE TOWN AND VICINITY
OF
GAINSBROUGH,

SITUATE
ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER TRENT;
IN THE PARTS OF LINDSEY, AND COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

Gainsbrough :

PRINTED BY MOZLEY AND CO. FOR THE AUTHOR.

1794.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

VILLAGE RAMBLER

TOPOGRAPHICAL

AND

SENTIMENTAL EXCURSION

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE TOWN AND VICINITY

GLAINSBROUGH

SITUATE

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER TRENT

THE FINEST OF LANDS AND SCENERY OF THE

GLAINSBROUGH

PRINTED BY WILKINSON AND CO. FOR THE AUTHOR

LONDON

1854

WILKINSON

WILKINSON

T H E
VILLAGE RAMBLER.

COME, gentle Muse ! peculiar to nò clime,
No country claiming, pacing on the globe;
Once deign to visit in this northern tract,
Thy humblest suitors, courting thy lov'd aid,
While fixt or wand'ring o'er the teeming earth,
With truth and fancy grac'd, tho' scarcely dawn'd,
Yet ardent breathe, with free and willing minds,
To try new paths which yet remain untrod,
On earth, in air, and ocean's plumbless deeps.
Thee, lovely, we address, Celestial Maid !
Daughter of GENIUS by thy matron SENSE,
To lend us, from thy store of choicest gifts,
Pow'r, fitness, guidance, just expression
For our local theme, thus lowly bending.

THE Goddess heard and answer'd the request ;
Then sped her on to undisturbed shades
Near *Trent's* fair stream, from whence she gave
command,
Forbidding things unseemly to appear
Within these lines, on pain of her displeasure.

BE hence, Inveſtive ! Faction ! thou muſt go :
 We like ye not, as rudely baſe and vile,
 Dividing men from other, unawares,
 Friends, Patriots, brethren as indeed they are
 By all the ties of nature, friendſhip, love,
 And int'reſt too, of an endearing kind.
 Great Social Compact ! in an union
 Stronger than all the force of helliſh pow'rs
 Can break, tho' leagu'd in myriads countleſs.
 Few and feeble they, when Virtue wakes
 In man, and arms him with new pow'rs,
 And tells him how, and when he, rightly, may
 Obey the dictates of eternal Reaſon,
 Th' unbiaſ'd representative of Heav'n,
 O'er all preſiding, in degree, and bleſs'd.

MUCH we diſcover in the reigning feuds
 Of foreign climes, if cautiously we bend
 Attentive to her mildly ſovereign voice,
 Amidſt ideas of intelligence
 That nations will with nations ſtill contend,
 Succeſſively.—Yet good from evil riſes :
 But who, if wiſe, would e'er the placid ſtream
 Of public, or of private happineſs, annoy,
 Or ſoil a fluid charmingly transparent ?
 Let ſuch as troubled waters love to raiſe,
 Gain more experience in the Muſe's ſchool,
 The ſchool of Arts and Sciences moſt noble ;
 (The beſt concern of all of human kind)
 While we, with motives pure as ever grac'd
 The page of IMLAY, or the AMBULATOR,
 To Topography raiſe a cheerful ſtrain ;

Choice in its nature, and of much extent,
 In language brief, pathetic, or sublime?
 T' excite attachment in the public mind
 To our endeavours: meaning well, and use
 Fair means t' accomplish such a happy end.
 For this we know, that, our fair Mistress bids
 Her pupils courage and example take,
 From Adepts, vers'd in scientific rules
 Of law and order; firmly foll'wing those,
 Too wise and good to flatter or despise.

WHERE Nature dictates, there, kind Sirs, commend:

Where merit lies, there kindly let it rest;
 Where faults are found, as kindly point them out;
 Enough's contain'd to shew our eager bent,
 Usefulness and pleasantry to intermix.
 The rest is art, and art is nature polish'd,
 In all the matters of this middle world.
 Now for our data—be it rightly said,
 “In the beginning God the Heav'n and Earth
 “Created,” firm—From which we now infer
 Our theme's great use, but varied, gentle Sires,
 In a new manner, and attempt to treat
 Of parts, our strength to try, and thus the Muse
 To *Lindsey, Lincolnshire*, takes her first flight.

WHILE jarring int'rests of contending States
 Divide the world, and hazard all for peace,
 And loftier soars each famous CLASSIC MUSE,
 Thy beauties, *GAINSBRO'* here we rise to sing,
 Not far from Lincoln's western coast's extreme,

Beside a range of hills of large extent,
 On *Trent's* smooth banks, ours gladly 'tis to tell,
 Where lov'd Religion holds her sacred seat,
 Invested from the Imperial throne on high,
 Or Virtue bids her children to appear,
 A structure stands, of feature few so good ;
 Commodious, lofty, and with Arms adorn'd
 Of Britain's King. GEORGE, long may God
 preserve,
 Head of the Church, in highest State belov'd,
 And all his People too, of every rank,
 With all their rights and liberties and laws,
 Rever'd for virtue, or in good, supreme :
 But why, thus partial, does each Muse neglect
 Our gracious QUEEN ? A Royal Matron, too !
 Great-Britain's pride ; with all their lovely train
 Of sons and daughters ! what a matchless race !
 Go, Envy ! all their virtues emulate,
 And learn obedience to their just decrees,
 Like this fair Town, and, in a trying time,
 Address with loyalty, with them to share,
 Soon as the wish'd-for time of peace shall come,
 The gen'rous rapture and the gen'ral fame.

How proudly o'er the waves the *Le'ster** rode,
 Triumphant 'midst the din of warlike sounds !
 Full swell'd her sails and tight her cordage stretch'd,
 To catch the breeze celestial zephyrs blew,
 And waft the tuneful cargo safe to port.
 The Organ there, great type and source of bliss,
 Erect by contributions here at large,
 A BYFIELD's† skill and LATES's‡ prowess shews ;

* Name of a Vessel.

† Organ-builder.

‡ Organist.

Compounded instrument ! the human voice,
 The soaring Counter, Treble, Altius,
 Medius, Tenor, and deep-sounding Bass,
 To modulate in sweet seraphic sounds,
 Each infant's trilling tongue now oft declares,
 Inviting us to harmony divine.
 The space allotted for their friends defunct,
 In yards, is nearly seventeen thousand square;
God's-Acre deem'd in pious days of yore,
 And may it full as fruitful prove of souls,
 Quite ripe for glory in another state,
 As when a Garden, where grew choicest fruit,
 The apple, pear, plum, currant, cherry,
 Pleasing to all tastes, attracting ev'ry eye.
 But know, the one tenth part by deed of gift,
 Long be it told, a gracious one, for e'er,
 Extended, swells a noble Lady's praise,
 The manor owning, (prudence bids not name)
 And loudly call'd your happy poet's song.

HERE Charity* her op'ning hands extends,
 To feed the poor; t' instruct their num'rous youth,
 In virtuous ways, to knowledge, and to deeds
 Of fame, renown, or piety and love;
 Pursuing pleasures, needing least reproof,
 And fit, at last, their tender forms for heav'n,
 Here too, CONCERTA, with her luring charms,
 Draws her lov'd concourse to Assemblies oft,
 And in her train she never fails to bring
 Groupes of fair nymphs and glad attending swains,
 Possessing beauty, with its partner wit,
 When Grace and Fashion deign the dance to lead.

* An allusion to the SUNDAY—CHARITY, and other Schools.

Add here, its *Mounts** undoubtful prov'd of late,
 In that mark'd æra, when the voice of Woe
 Oft shook our feelings, and touch'd ev'ry nerve,
 By streams of blood which reek'd on *Gallia's* plains,
 From whence the peaceful Muses quickly flew,
 And shelter found in Heav'n's most favor'd Isle.

Now while with pitying eye the World deplores
 The state of *France*, since *LOUIS* is no more!
 And sadly count in vain the tears of love,
 Which gushed down fair *ANTOINETTA's* cheeks,
 Without a pause; beneath a load of grief,
 Of grief most poignant, passing ev'ry thought
 That can possess our philanthropic breasts,
 At human woes, which ah! may never end;
 Be calm, ye winds! or aid us with your pow'rs,
 To tell as foul a deed as e'er was done,
 By human monsters! fiends with bloody breath,
 Hot reeking from the caverns of the *damn'd*,
 Not yet suffic'd with seas of human gore!

FROM *hell*, (not heav'n) to earth, the ready
 course
 Of demons, prompted on by views malign,
 And hopes of darkest deeds t' accomplish, came
 Fell Malice: forth with her, o'erweening Pride;
 And on with those a phalanx, basely brave,
 In robes of darkest hue, new stain'd with guilt:
 Who with stern brow on *Gallia's* lovely Queen
 Soon fixt their glaring eyes, quick flashing fire,
 Unaw'd by Virtue and her Sex's charms,
 Or aught she suffer'd in the loathsome cell,—

* A foreign term for *BANKS*.

Then sat in council, and her fate decreed,
In manner thus, and thus fell Malice spoke,
And, as she spake, three times herself she *curs'd*.

“KNOW, my bold peers, in crimes I am
supreme!

“By me, her husband LOUIS fell before,”—

“And I,”—said Murther,—“gave the deathful
blow!”—

“But yet remains more work. MARIA lives.”

(Ah, liv'd she now!) “MARIA, whom the world

“Reveres for virtue, beauty, ev'ry grace;

“Who knows no crime but that of being born

“Illustrious, noble, and of great descent,

“Of Cæsar's line.—What say ye, our leagu'd
band?

“Shall we combine, as once in CHARLES's reign,

“To rid the world of one it holds most dear;

“As suiting well the purpose we began,

“To end our triumph in the CAPETS' fall.”

THE dire resolve new vigour seem'd to gain,

When throng'd into the deadly council-room,

A troop of furious harpies from beneath;

With fangs of spite, and breathing sulph'rous smells,

And noxious vapours, issuing forth like smoke

Uprais'd by winds to taint, as 'twere, the skies.

Such was the crew, a ruthless, bloody band!

Who straightly charg'd her with most monstrous
crimes;

And quickly drew the FATAL inference,

High prompt to evil—fearing so much good;

Such virtuous excellence, and rare match'd grace !
 Sure point of envy and ignoble scorn.

HENCE quits abrupt, the *Trent's* unletter'd muse,
 For far more pleasing themes, on her lov'd banks
 To rove with freedom, and expand her views.

THE Ancients us'd to celebrate those Chiefs,
 Who worthy feats in arts or arms perform'd ;
 Oft in the field where madding contests rose,
 Or on their plains, amid their rural sports :
 Here we a WESTON's fame enroll with truth,
 Great architect ! to shew thy mind capacious.
 Th' First HENRY said, of ancient *Torksey's* * Cut,
 “ *A work of greatest charge—but greater use ;*”
 So we to GAINSBRO' will the same apply, and say,
 Thy Bridge each Traveller shall name afar,
 How well he pass'd, where oft the raging Tide
 Had driv'n the wherry from its curving line,
 And sunk the cargo in the fearful deep.
 On such glad themes 'tis our delight to touch,
 And with it note the Road there rais'd a-breast ;
 To stem each torrent, and direct its course
 For Plebeian Safety and the Public Weal.

WIDE is the field your Muse intends to range,
 Tho' homeward yet she deigns to stay a while :
 Some diff'rent subjects still our notice claim.
 There reigns throughout the whole of this fair town,
 An unremitting ardor, with intent,
 By useful purposes and fairest plans,
 T' improve the same by excellent degrees ;

* A Canal.

The river adjunct : it having wharfs and cranes,
 Cellars and vaults ; conveniencies, not few,
 For landing, storing, and securing well
 Goods from all parts, by Ships which go to sea,
 In number, fifty, adding Boats three score,
 Beside some others which occasions call ;
 Which hazard many weathers, rocks and shoals :
 But seldom wreckt, or lost ; all welcome home.

Good water there is by an engine thrown,
 Thro' leaden pipes, to serve our num'rous friends,
 Except hard frosts its ready course obstruct ;
 In which white shrimps are sometimes seen to swim,
 Playful, yet harmless ; living free and long,
 Tho' out their native element, the sea,
 That hither sends the fideling *turfio*, oft,
 In quest of salmon, fam'd **Triginta's* brood.
 And in that sed'ment which the water leaves,
 Our sapient housewives frequent find, depos'd
 In concrete forms inside their fav'rite Ket,
 Appears a brilliant speck, of golden hue,
 Glassy in nature, tempting, when beheld.—
 Some coal there us'd is rich in massy ore,
 And jet from other frequently proceeds ;
 In others sulphur, when combin'd with air,
 If heedless in a brisk fire put is apt
 To crack and fly, and make a loud report,
 Like powder in a little musquet charg'd ;
 Endang'ring many of our good old friends,
 Whom with we all good fare, in these *bad* times.

* It is related there are thirty different sorts of Fish in this River ; but probably some may be borrowed from its mother—the Ocean.

Two *Marts* are held here; both by charter
firm :

Proclaim'd by voice Stentorian—boys' huzzas;
On *Easter-Tuesday* first, the time, nine days;
Visit' for sale of hardware, toys, and cloth
From Yorkshire brought; of texture strong and
fine;

Crediting the maker, and the buyer, paying
For what he buys, not dear: for caution's just.
The next, *October*:—both Inventions shew:
Art, in implements of dexterity,
And living rarities but seldom found:
Th' effect well pleasing, if we rightly judge,
And shews Creation in strong point of light.

NORTH of the Town, and near the church de-
scrib'd,

An ancient *Palace* stands; its date untold,
(Except in records from our fight with-held)
Where Art and Labour have not vain essay'd
A stately pile, in good old times to raise;
The same Sir *Hugh de Burgh* at first possess'd,
And next, as Hist'ry's famous page reports,
By *John of Gaunt*, as earl of Lincoln—whence
Up sprung the present earl of ABINGDON*;
The friend of truth, and all the rights of men—
Last, great H*****N's race, with much esteem,
Who hold it now. Suffice it, then, we paint
Its present state, instead of that long past.
Within, a THEATRE, by nicest rules design'd:

* The BRITISH DIRECTORY asserts, the present Earl was born it.

Deck'd too with scrolls of primeſt Bards we boaſt,
Shakeſpear, Milton, Johnson, Rowe, Otway, Steele;
 For tragic complaints and ſeri-comic tales :
 Not more to 'guile the tedious hours of life,
 Than us to ſhew what great Events have paſt,
 Are paſſing—greater yet to come than theſe,
 On the vaſt world's more comprehensive ſtage ;
 In which we're intereſted, having life,
 And, tho' 'tis ſhort, there's happineſs below.
 Not low, or lofty does the Manſion ſtand,
 But in juſt mean, between two proud extremes,
 With north-front view ; advantage great it gives,
 Enjoys, from thence, Retirement's hours to bleſs ;
 Th' expanded ſails from diſtant ſhips appear,
 Whoſe daring fronts the foaming billows urge.
 What elſe that ſeat of ancient ſplendor boaſts,
 Its coſtly ornaments and mould'ring tow'rs ;
 Its ſtain'd-glaſs windows, and its winding ſtairs ;
 Its vaults, that once the richeſt viands held,
 Oft pour'd abundant into poor men's cups :
 The mote, and ſubterraneous paſſage, old
 Tradition ſays unto the church-yard leads,
 Incloſing damps too fierce for human breath ;
 Skeletons and masks of ancient Chiefs,
 And Warriors clad in iron armour, ſlain,
 We leave, for briefneſs, to maturer age,
 When Judgment ſanctions ev'ry wiſe purſuit.

THE *Rop'ry* next, the Muſe muſt now ſubjoin :
 A glad retreat, when heavy ſhow'rs portend,
 Or Sol's fierce rays on our weak pulſes beat.
 From hence a Warren next invites our ſteps,

Where we descant on lowly moss-crown'd plains,
 And Nature's gifts to various creatures giv'n :
 There view the conies flying for retreat,
 As fearing Man, more great, less innocent ;
 Cropping short herbage, thinking us unkind !—
 Then, having pass'd *Morton's* pleasing Vil,
 Where winding flow *Trent's* fructile current flows,
 On *Walkwrith's* fragrant banks awhile we rove,
 Or muse intensely on the stream beneath :
 While sportive tribes of little insects bound
 In antic gestures, wetting oft their wings,
 To frisk again in eddies on the flood ;
 Tempting the Scaly brood with pearly eye,
 Illusive still—then wanton in the air.

PART circumscrib'd, the Muse retreats t' renew
 Her fancy, ere again she roves, delightful.—
 We various objects in our fleeting hours
 Pursue, reluctant, leaving Care behind :
 Where Leisure visits, rural sports can please ;
 At bowls, or billiards, all contend the prize,
 Where chance and merit *equal* bias shew.
 The pocket lin'd—the pocket—"there's the rub,"
 Men causing to drag slow in life's career,
 When empty. Quit we not this rural scene,
 While subjects curious, artful, yet remain
 For our investigation. Rightly may we,
 In strictest justice to our *local* theme,
 On manufactures touch, and other arts
 Here found : as sail-cloth, brushes, cab'net wares,
 Whale-bone, cordage, buttons, cloths, and these
 Best starch and blue, æthereal, azuret, so on :

Made in great quantities—and right good ale,
 For *Russia's* Queen and Court, who like it well
 Refin'd, and suiting taste—producing mirth,
 (Creating *statesmen* in an *hour*, or so)
 And strengthen's Labour, if 'tis sparely us'd.

GREAT ships are built, from timber largely stor'd,
 Measur'd and sawn, at *Crowgarth* and *Trent-port*.
 When first design'd, the keel is fit on stocks,
 From whence capacious vessels soon arise,
 By art consummate, such good *Noah* knew,
 In Sacred Story; and, when finish'd, caus'd
 To glide on *Ways*; when, dipping in the river,
 Their nam'd; if safe, th' Spectators shew great joy,
 And wish "good voyage" with all manly glee.—

ENCIRCL'ING all with good from countless springs,
 From arts and commerce what great treasures flow!
 Who most or least possess them? question not.
 Yet here we name one channel.—*Humber* first,
 (That bears a proud Invader's name, there drown'd)
 Being open to th' sea, and gamesome *Trent*,
 To which there flows and ebbs a rapid Tide
 At Spring and Autumn; rousing all our pow'rs
 In prose description, to a wide extent.
 Our Seamen's phrase, perceiving its approach,
 "Ware Eager!"—good, contrasted to the shores,
 Divest of aught inviting fight or sense,
 Save chips and straw, to feed the Muse's fire,
 And carcases of dogs, more faithful none!
 Into the river cast, stray fish t' allure.

As walking to the *Marsh*, the morning air
 Sweetly t'imbibe, and note th' re-forming clouds,
 Most grateful is the sight we here enjoy :
 View sovereign Britain's Element'ry Queen,
 From out old Ocean's unsearch'd depths deriv'd,
 Come riding on her high-rais'd wat'ry car !
 Mild condescension in her eyes ; her suit
 Of crystal, spangled o'er with stars ; her train
 The Sea-nymphs and the Naiades young,
 (Mounted on Fancy's new-created forms) ;
 Her flowing tresses spreading wide, enrich'd
 With treasures gather'd on her way-bent course,
 Nor heeds 'th intruders of her high career !—
 Mark we the Vessels, resting on their keels,
 Fraught with the product of unweary'd Art,
 How graceful rais'd ! now shook ; then ride at ease.
 From ship to ship her kindness she extends,
 Proclaims a daily mart, and then pursues
 Her grand intent, past *Torksey's* ruins,
 A place much noted in First HENRY's days.
 (In one, we read, the *Trent* was " wholly dry").
 Thus, true or not, incline we now to view
 The stately Brigs come riding on the Flood,
 Assisted by Septentrional gales,
 Which bow their topsails for her royal boon.
 But, see ! whene'er the mooring signal's giv'n,
 What welcome *Neptune's* darling Sons receive,
 From 'patient spouses and their offspring dear !
 Some unexpected and injurious blast,
 Perhaps, had driv'n them from their proper course,
 From sudden changes of the fickle wind ;
 Producing storms, or calms ;—unfriendly each,

When in extreme.—But, Care, be gone afar !
 Their ardent souls in bliss shall now unite ;
 The homely fare, and bev'rage, mildly strong,
 Be spread profusely o'er the friendly board ;
 While toils and dangers fully they recount,
 Or pleasures felt, undreamt by us on land,
 And close the evening with adven'trous lays.

Now to the Meads we willing bend our way,
 With graceful steps, the *Milking-hills* to view ;
 Observe the kine, new lessons to acquire ;
 Matrons more dignified to vie, while they
 Lactéal juices to their young, impart.

TOW'RS *Ash-croft* moving, new delights to find,
 A complex form, with cros and sails outspread,
 Appears in motion, giving friendly hints
 To those who glare, undheeding what's before :
 For danger's certain if too near we go,
 To mark th' effect of gently flowing gales,
 By which the parts in action just, are put,
 To crush the grain our fertile fields produce.—
 Of all the Beings of our happy kind,
 The miller, sure, our meed must most deserve ;
 Who ventures life and limbs in feeble tow'r,
 'Gainst blasts of winds and lightning's vivid force :
 Which oft attack him, when he's least aware.

THE *Humble Car* presenting, calls to mind
 Equestrian contests of more early years ;
 In Summer-days, the hours of labour past,
 When men and boys, and dames and girls advanc'd,

(Rofy, mellow, plump, fair, fat, fhort, and tall)
 In numbers, sporting, as their fancies led,
 Around the fpace, girt round with flow'ry banks :
 Where Nature oft her choicelt mantle fhews,
 And courts our ev'ry thought to count her ftore,
 Benignly fpread, in richeft colours drest.—
 There grows the caraway's aromatic feed,
 For fweet-breads, meats ; a panacea known,
 'Gainft windy vapours ; melancholic 'plaints ;
 Ills, Kings and Cottagers, alike may feel.—
 For its reverfe, take dark *December's* gloom,
 When Sol's eclipsed in the fouthern fky,
 By thickeft mifts which o'er our lowlands pend ;
 When Earths' too moift to fuck more water in,
 When wild-geefe figure a continu'd ftorm :
 When fkaits and gin and woollen gloves are
 bought,
 When ice abounds and fingers dinge by cold ;
 When wit grows keen, and fmiles diftorted feem !

BEFORE us, ftill a boundlefs profpect lies :
 Part wild, confus'd : no meannefs Nature knows ;
 Not ev'n in defarts, which *Arabia* mourns,
 As having pittance in her thirfty lands,
 For philofophic Souls, who thither roam,
 Intent on finding Nature's treasures out,
 T' enrich their Countries ; having deeply drank
 At LEARNING's fountains——Nature, men, and
 books,
 Ere firft they venture. Short digreffions make,
 And fhort excursions try : keep to your point.
 A point's a world in miniature, poffeffing

Centre, circumf'rence, circles, lines, and poles,
 Like this we tread on—it's true motion, Sense,
 Which some survey with microscopic eye,
 Distant, admiring;—tides like that we sing;
 Ebbing and flowing at appointed times:
 Much oft'ner neapt, than in "fine frenzy rolling,"
 When we might mount with rapid wing at ease,
 To circumdelin'ate the orbs above.

THE *Elm-trees*, notic'd, fresher aid supplies,
 And prompt us to ascend the hills above,
 Where fight and sense expatiate at large
 On what's perceiv'd. The furry tribes appear,
 In numbers, scudding, on our near approach,
 Into their holes, while we confess, indeed,
 We're pleas'd to see them, meaning such no harm
 Who add their quota to our Trades' increase.
 A lake we view, and plants of various kinds,
 Scatter'd less plenteous on this sandy tract,
 Than o'er yon fields, where Nature kindlier smiles.
 Yet one we find, with virtues rarely try'd,
 As, Mountain Sage, for bruises, inward wounds,
 (If boil'd in wine, and drank): such is our care,
 In reading Nature, seeking things for use.—
 This spot shews plainly, as we look around
 Our fam'd *Trenthama*, where a current, strong,
 Succeeds a neck of fertile meadow land,
 Nam'd *No-man's-friend*, our great theatric BARD*
 Long since foretold would break, by flood;

* SHAKESPEAR—First Part of King Henry IV. (Act III. Scene I.)
 where Hotspur and Glendower are introduced in warm debate about this

The current mining, where no eye can see;
 Slowly, yet sure, unless pre-caution's lent,
 To stop it's inroads when 'tis first disclos'd.

COLLECTING in our spacious landscape's length,
 Adjacent hills and cots—invited back,
 (Leaving *Lea's* site to far more LETTER'D SKILL,
 And *Burton's*, mistress of those ample vales;
Marton, and *Littlebro'*, *Sturton*, *Beckingham*,
 Beyond the river, *Wheatly*, *Saundby*, *Bole*),
 The south *Sand-field* our thoughts renew, and here
 A lowly spot, *The Spaw*, appears; where we,
 Our slacken'd nerves to brace, may there immerse,
 To cure cold cramps, or rid spasmodic pains.

INVIG'RATE thus, we range the various hills,
 With groves and chinks, where lovers sit and figh;
 Where CONTEMPLATION lifts to notes sublime
 From pretty warblers, on the tufted trees,
 On *Plaster* hill and *Pingle*—rising far
 Above the level. To the *Cornfields* then,
 By *Movey's Croft*, advertently we rise,
 And in perspective mood far off descry
 Lincoln's fam'd *Minster*: Edifice profound!
 High tow'ring on yon broad and cloud-less hills;
 Commanding prospect of the Country, vast,
 Immense! beyond a line of knowledge giv'n:
 Which we must wait for, from the pen of Skill,
 In TOPOGRAPHIC PLAN, more copious,

remarkable spot, the breach in which took place the latter end of Feb.
 1792.

As our theme's deserving. Yet we may include
 The *Harpswell Hills*, and thee, O *Fillingham* !
 All hail ! to patriotic WRAY, and THOSE
 Whose breasts with warmest love and zeal are fir'd,
 For BRITAIN'S Welfare in these warring times !
 Then pass, at will, the ancient church of *Stowe*,
 Well suiting future lore, when wit grows ripe
 With age, and better is, like Hock, for keeping.

SHORT turn'd, the *Stone Causeway* next we tread.
 Our tale grows shorter : better ne'er was told,
 In that we 'scap'd the *Turnpike*, passing free
 By way of *Northolm*, on the *Castle Hills*
 To view the ships swift sailing. Where we find
 Our spirits quicken'd, resting, for a while,
 On new-made hay, in equal heaps, untith'd,
 Fragrant as morn, and sweet as e'er *Souchong*.

WITH philosophic ardor then we pass a stile,
 To view where once a famous Castle stood,
 Where many a valiant Briton hard has fought ;
 Deeply intrench'd, as obvious to the fight,
 And worth a wise man's look, for there he may
 With pleasure see the blest Effects of Peace,
 While num'rous herds of sheep and cattle graze,
 And fatten, for their lords imperial, Men.—
 Approaching first the outer ditch, or *scrobs*,
 The *fossa* next, its highest heights we gain ;
 Where we find trees, dimensions now tho' small,
 Still thriving, from the honor'd Owner's care :
 But' in our quest of knowledge, truth, and fame,

To trace the citadel in vain explore,
Its walls' foundation, or when first 'twas built.

THE Sun, till now, had cheer'd us with his rays,
And sporting zephyrs fann'd us on our course ;
When 'rose from out the northern sky, a breeze
That shook the pines ; a keen and chilling blast,
With threats of storms—portending us no good
Till quite o'erpast, suggesting our retreat,
By covert-ways—a *boat*, part being sunk
Into the ground, some years ago, and thatch'd,
Directed by a Noble hand——inclos'd
With white-thorn hedge, and tender pines within.

INSATIATE ever, till some point's attain'd,
New objects still we're willing to embrace.
Here viewing *Gringley's* heights, or *Blyton's* top,
To *Orkbury Hill* our eyes we quickly turn,
The prospect wid'ning, infinitely wide !
(A copious landscape *Yorkshire's* coast includes,
Of vistas, streams, and woody labyrinths,
'Twixt *Hull* and *Ouse*, fair Sister to the *Trent*,
To *Humber* flowing—Union ! Oneness ! Love !
Since e'er, of old, the mighty deluge came,
To drown the mountains, and to sap the hills,
On which we stand, secure, by mighty grace :
Not self-deriv'd—but freely giv'n to all.—)
Beyond our limits thus we seem to stray,
When warmed by Imagination's power ;
“ Restrain her, then ! ”—the *MUSE* commands——
and leave

Trent-fall and *Stockwith*, with the *Royal Car*,
 For *Thonock Grove*, where we, with steady mind,
 May contemplate the share of human bliss,
 Here found, enjoy'd, diffus'd: hence then we may
 (From ev'ry other commerce wholly free)
 Thro' several mazes, guide our latter course
 To th' *Paddock House*, a parish, said, *per se*,
 Where rural Pleasures live serenely great,
 And Health and Peace reciprocally dwell;
 Constructed lowly, neat; with springs a-near,
 And woods, with game of various species,
 Our Rural Sportsmen pleasing; causing smiles,
 When compass'd, thro' a well-directed aim,
 By gun, or artful stratagem of bells;
 Securely clos'd within their twin'd device.
 But these and more we leave that's great and good,
 To fill the hours of great OXONIA'S Sons,
 In notes ecstatic, lofty and sublime—
 As lately CAM's lov'd pupil, GREENWOOD, sung.

THUS quits your Muse this vegetative scene,
 Where Nature pleases, or where grace can charm;
 And hopes, esteem'd, your sanction will approve
 Our *local* strain—Your Town—Vicinity—
 With houses neat, adorn'd all eyes to please;
 To charm us, as we walk your streets along.

RETIRING slowly, first we mark the wind;
 Blue clouds then rising, new alarms create:
 And, that we may escape a dripping, stand,
 Sensations undefin'd, to feel; when lo!
 The thousand-streamed torrent's led far off.

By an unseen, ador'd, almighty Pow'r !
 To bless our envy'd little Spot of Earth,
 This Land of Liberty, Religion, Laws,
 Of Patriot Flames, and Governmental Zeal—
 And when dispers'd, the drooping corn to cheer,
 Came on mild eve, with gentlest wafting breeze.

FINIS.

